

# THE BLUE GRASS BLADE.

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EDITED BY A HEATHEN IN THE INTEREST OF GOOD MORALS.

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Charles B. Moore  
Editor



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## "THE DAMNED STUFF CALLED ALCOHOL."

I believe that alcohol, to a certain degree, demoralizes those who make it, those who sell it, and those who drink it.

I believe from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm of the distillery until it empties into the hell of crime, death and dishonor, it demoralizes everybody that touches it.

I do not believe that anybody can contemplate the subject without becoming prejudiced against this liquid crime.

All you have to do is to think of the deaths of the suicides, of the insanity, of the poverty, of the ignorance, of the distress, of the little children tugging at the faded dresses of weeping and despairing wives, asking for bread; of the men of genius it has wrecked; of the millions who have struggled with imaginary serpents produced by this devilish thing.

And when you think of the jails, or the almshouses, of the prisons, and of the scaffolds upon either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against the damned stuff called alcohol.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

"Keep Church and State forever separate."—Grant.

"In no sense whatsoever is this government founded upon the Christian religion."—Washington.

"The divorce between Church and State should be absolute."—Garfield.

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## PAGANISM

ELEVATES WOMAN MORE THAN CHURCH.

Vicarious Atonement as Means of Producing Criminals—Effect of Teaching of Confucius and Buddha.

By Harriet M. Glaze, Webster City, Ia. (From Chicago Record-Herald).

In the issue of Nov. 8th, F. C. Weed asks one or two questions which I wish to give attention.

His little pleasantry, in opening, of calling me insane because I disagree with paterfamilias dispensations is quite characteristic of the Christians who have during the "dark ages," though had such declaration of insanity been made at that time the victim would have been burned at the stake along with innumerable other heretics. For he remembered that after the church had been established the schools of medical science were closed and the "insane" were cured by prayer and the laying on of hands, with the stick as a persuader, or, if the case proved obstinate, the stake inevitably cured the "insane" patient. So I am very glad indeed that my article exposed only "paterfamilias" instead of the practical vindictiveness of past centuries.

Mr. Weed recommends the study of the condition of women in China, Turkey, India and Africa and then in countries "where the Bible is recognized as containing the highest known rules of conduct." Now that is just what I have done, and I find that in Southern Europe, where the priest with Bible in hand rules women more despotically than in any pagan country, and that in Italy, Spain and Portugal, those intensely Christian countries, the degradation and subjection of women is the wonder and regret of travelers with human impulses.

### Marriages in India.

Bishop Henry Codman Potter, head of the Episcopal church in the United States, in a book "The East of Today and To-Morrow," says there is great misapprehension in America about the customs of early marriages in India and the burning of widows and that the accounts of these things are much exaggerated and ought to be corrected. Swami Abhebananda says that widow burning became prevalent after the British invasion, when widows threw themselves on the funeral pyre of their husbands to save themselves from a worse fate at the hands of Christian soldiers. The child marriages of the Orient also finds a parallel in this country in the sect calling themselves the disciples of Jesus Christ, who seal a boy and girl to each other at a very early age. Then the marriageable age for girls of 12 years in England is not to be boasted of, even though they be bargained off by male relatives. And what of the purchase of titles?

The story of the sacrifice of female children in India and China is feelingly dwelt upon by missionaries, but we are told by unprejudiced historians that the children consigned to the so-called sacred rivers are already dead and the parents are too poor to furnish other burial. If the female children are destroyed it is only from the economic necessity of supply and demand. Could any stories of the wrongs of women in the Orient surpass the horrible details of the traffic in female flesh by England and Germany and Austria for foreign countries for lumber camps and resorts in cities? These are all Christian countries, the church supported by the state and its tenets taught in the schools. Could the condition of Chinese women in pagan China and India have been worse before than it has been since the invasion by Russia, England, America and their missionaries? I do not think so.

### Church and Humanity.

Mr. Weed attempts to explain that the mistakes of the church as a body should not be charged against the teachings of Jesus Christ, but "By their fruits ye shall know them." If the church has perpetuated false doctrine it must accept the consequences. After centuries of its teaching we find its adherents breaking every bond of humanity, overriding every barrier of equity and silencing any attempt at investigation of other systems or the practice of other methods. After ages of the teaching that we are to prepare for a home in heaven at the expense of earth life it is not to be supposed that economic or social conditions would receive any attention, hence in a recent report we read of 40,000 homeless men in Chicago. But why worry about them when they have the assurance that the bearer of the cross here is the wearer of the crown hereafter? The warden of a western penitentiary says that his experience among convicts has proved to him that the teaching of vicarious atonement has been the means of producing many criminals. Why should they try to be upright citizens when the thief on the cross was promised a place in paradise by simple belief? When exploiters of labor, such as the child slavery in Southern mills, sit high in the sanctuary, and when we are told by the highest authority—the viceregent of

God, the pope—that the poor should be satisfied with their condition, it shakes our confidence in the beneficence of Christian teaching, and we are willing to accept the statement of a former British consul to China in favor of paganism. He said: "I have lived in China twenty years, but have seen more degradation and drunkenness and misery in London in one day than in all my years of residence in China." This is not so favorable for the celestial as the missionaries would have us believe, and when such a condition exists for men in Christendom it is still worse for women.

### Conditions Desirable.

A recent writer on China says: "In many parts of the empire women hold respect and influence, and we know that the mothers of Confucius and Buddha directed their education from infancy, and these great teachers have more adherents than all the other religions of the world. What of the mother of Jesus?"

It seems plain that the condition of pagan women is just as desirable as that of Christian women, but the difference is that Christianity makes the claim of having bettered their condition and takes unto itself the credit which belongs wholly to the advance of scientific investigation, to commercial interchange of nations, and the untiring work of reformers, and let us hope that long ere another two thousand years have passed they will have worked out a more just method, and again I say, if the teaching of Jesus Christ has given us "our present conceptions of life and duty," then let us be pagans.

(Boston Investigator.)  
**DEATH OF H. L. GREEN.**

Horace L. Green, the venerable editor of the Free Thought Magazine, is dead, and from reliable testimony, by his own hand. It was a sad fate, a cruel fate. His wife was found dead by his side. This makes the tragedy doubly sad and doubly cruel.

A few dollars for a few months or a few years would have kept this aged couple alive. That is the saddest, cruellest reflection connected with this awful affair.

We cannot write of Mr. Green's death calmly. It seems as if he was a victim of some terrible enemy, as if a crime had been committed against him. Was this enemy greed? Was this crime avarice?

Mr. Green was 75 years old, and for the last twenty years he had given his heart and brain, his thought and labor, to the cause of Free Thought. He literally gave his life for the life and liberty of others. His reward for all this, for his years of toil, for his great struggle to keep his magazine alive that he might confer some benefit upon his fellow-beings, was a scanty subsistence, suffering, suicide.

Free thinkers, we tell you frankly and fearlessly that had you properly appreciated the sacrifice, which Mr. Green was making for you and for his race, he and his wife would be alive and happy today.

We are informed that these two poor old people were found "dead in bed in a cheerful flat at 211 Indiana street," in Chicago.

What had this old, sick, worn-out couple to live for? Their only son was dead. They had no money. They could not work. It was outrageous that they had to invite death to come to their relief, to save them, perhaps, from starving.

It is a cold world when a man, who has worked so hard, so conscientiously, in it, as had H. L. Green, can find no cheerful, comfortable place wherein to pass his declining years. This noble Free thinker deserved a better fate when he lived.

Burns was right when he called age and want a "mismatched pair." Poverty always eats and sleeps on a grave, always has its hand on the latch of eternity. It seems to us that if the rich knew what the poor suffered there would be a voluntary surrender of the cruel advantage which they exercise over their unfortunate fellow-creatures.

We wish to use the sad death of the Greens to point a moral, and say that there is little encouragement to work for the enlightenment and ennoblement of human beings if in old age one has to commit suicide to escape starvation.

(From Lexington Leader.)  
**INSANE.**

Leslie Carter Lost His Mind Over Religion.

Leslie Carter, a colored convict from Lincoln county, serving a two-year sentence in the penitentiary, was brought here this morning from Frankfort on the 10:50 L. & N. train in charge of Sheriff B. B. Jeffries and Deputy E. Pierce, of Franklin county, and placed in the asylum.

He developed a religious mania a few days ago and soon became a raving maniac.

An English bishop owned a portable bath-tub, which he failed on one occasion to take with him on a pastoral visitation. When he returned he found that the housemaid had used the beloved tub. Calling her into his study, he said, kindly: "Mary, I do not so much mind you using my tub, but what I object to is, that you should not do behind my back what you would not do before my face."

When in need of job printing of any kind, please remember that the Blade can do it for you just as good and cheap as any one.

## THOUGHTS

ON THANKSGIVING--

PROCLAMATIONS ARE AS A RULE MADE UP OF RACY LITERATURE AND BAD GRAMMAR.

"Teddy," the Bear Hunter and "Gov." Yates of Illinois, Are the Diet's Special Chums on Earth.

From the actual condition of affairs in the United States one would think that the man at the White House and the Governors of the States would have enough to do to attend to their official duties, without tramping on the Constitution in uniting church and State by calling the people to religious services through Thanksgiving proclamations that are loaded down with absurdities, falsehoods and bad grammar.

Thanksgiving proclamations are as a rule racy literature, but it remains for Teddy, the bear hunter, and Gov. Yates of Illinois to grasp the palm from all competitors in this line. If Deity has any special chums on earth there is no doubt that the hero of San Juan, and the gentleman from Illinois are the ones, for the affairs of heaven and earth according to their own tellings are an open book to them. If the people of the United States return thanks in accordance with all the proclamations issued, this old planet will shake with songs of praise and thanksgiving.

From the tone of these proclamations, one would think the United States

"Was a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign, Eternal day excludes the night And pleasure banish pain."

One would think that the land was flowing with milk and honey, that we had peace plenty and prosperity to throw away, and that Deity had taken every man, woman and child under his special care and protection, and with everything useful including a yacht and an automobile.

The people are urged to give thanks for "the peace, prosperity and happiness that reign supreme in our land."

There is a good deal of amazing grace gush compounded with double distilled falsehood in such assertions. If a photograph of the peace we have in our religious, political, financial, social and domestic systems could be taken, it would reveal the fact that the "Prince of Peace" has taken no part in the goings on in this old world, only to make good his message "Think not I am come to send peace on earth. I came not to send peace but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father and the daughter against her mother."

No text in the Bible has been so literally carried out as this one of Jesus. Christians have always sought peace by fighting for it and the followers of the "Prince of Peace" have always been, and are to-day, the most persistent and brutal fighters on the earth. For 1,800 years his professed disciples have shed blood like water, have enslaved, persecuted, tortured, robbed and massacred and they are doing all these things to-day. Russian despotism, German militarism, British and American imperialism, greed and avarice present the kind of peace we have to-day, and may be causes for thanksgiving, as we are told "God doeth all things well." The prosperity and happiness that are heralded in the Thanksgiving proclamations are causes for thankfulness to those who are feeding at the public crib, and to those who are coining dollars from the life blood of their fellows and who calmly survey the wreck and ruin of the toilers through a long distance telescope.

As to the happiness of our people, according to the proclamation makers, it is of the unalloyed type, lying round loose, weling up and gushing from the hearts of all.

This glorious state of affairs is all attributed "to the mercy and beneficence of Almighty God." When preachers and officials talk about what God has done, and is going to do, they haven't time for such little things as facts.

Of course the financial prestidigitators, the robbers on the commercial highway, the political sandbaggers, the meteoric financial Napoleons have done nothing but wait for the Lord to pour his blessings upon them. This contented lot are at least satisfied with themselves and the "Giver of every good gift." The proclamation writers and pulpiteres know no more about the Almighty God they talk so glibly of than a last years bird's nest knows about the signs of the Zodiac, and they themselves are revelling in plenty, they care no more about what gods or men have done, than the Sultan of Turkey cares about the Ten Commandments.

We are told that "God created all things," so let us not forget to be thankful for the political corruption that is eating out the heart of the nations; for the industrial warfare between capital and labor, the strikes

and lockouts in all sections; for the domestic pandemonium upon which our divorce courts are turning a searchlight; for the thousands of lunatics that are crowding into our insane asylums; for the army of criminals who are overflowing our prisons, or making their way to the gallows or electric chair; for our hundreds of thousands of drink shops and gambling dens, who send their victims to misery, ruin and death; for the army of 500,000 fallen women who are preyed on, and sent to graves in the potter's field by an army of several millions of fallen men; for the tens of thousands of men and women who are begging for a chance to make an honest living; for the stunted and starved children in our factories and tenements who are the prey of avarice; for the millions of women whose work is never done, in the humble homes in the land, who receive not a penny for their labor, and are required to expend their labor and strength bearing children, and in household drudgery because the Bible, God's book says "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee;" for the ship loads of soldier boys who are returned to their loved ones in coffins; for the 11,000 murders that take place in this "happy land" in one year; for the 4,600 women whose husbands and sweethearts express their love and devotion to them by murdering them; for the millions of mortgaged homes; for the wrecked homes; and deserted women and children; for the tax eaters who like vultures prey upon honest industry; for the public loafers in our city councils, State legislatures and national Congress; for the land; Indian agency, army and navy frauds; for railroad disasters, cyclones, floods and fires.

As "God is the author of all things" he alone could have sent all these things to the people of the United States, so at the command of our stalled officials, let the bells ring, the organs peal and the people whose hearts are overflowing with happiness crowd into the churches to give thanks for the blessings the possess, and the necessities they lack.

Thanksgiving day, November 26th, 1903 should be a big event because the words of one prophet of Holy Writ have come true "Make a chain, for the land is full of bloody crimes, and the city is full of violence."

JOSEPHINE K. HENRY.  
Versailles, Kentucky.

### A DREAM.

Come sit down Tom, let's talk for a spell.

I'm glad to see you looking so well. I had a very queer dream last night. And a very nice picture appeared to my sight.

I stood at the gate of heaven a spell And also looked quietly down into hell.

The recording angel sat there in a chair And faithful St. Peter was also nigh there.

The great book lay open before them you see That recorded the actions of both you and me.

But it wasn't my turn yet; so I stepped aside And took a good look at the people inside.

There were many folks there that I didn't know, And some that I thought ought to be down below.

A man who betrayed a dear girl I knew well— Was there, while his victim I saw down in hell.

And a man who had murdered his father and mother, Was playing a harp, and so was his brother.

The brother a drunkard and gambler had been, But repented at last and they let him go in.

But the wife and the children he'd kicked and abused, When they sought for admission were firmly refused.

They failed to repent upon their death bed, And, of course, had to go to Hades instead.

But what, dearest Tom, was my greatest surprise, It made me feel sick, it brought tears to my eyes.

How it happened, dear Tom, I hardly can tell, But I saw you, Tom, in one corner of hell.

And nearly all of our jolly crew, Were right there, Tom, a talking to you.

There were Charley and John and Alice and Mary, Anna and William and Jessie and Carrie.

And Martha and Albert and Harry and Sue And Robert and Florence and Jere and Lou.

There was also John Rollands, good natured and jolly Who used to sit round and laugh at our folly.

As I gazed on the picture so happy and bright, With a I that I cared for presented to sight.

I thought to myself 'twould be heaven to dwell With such boon companions—yes, even in hell.

I could think of no place that for me

## DEATH

OF H. L. GREEN AND WIFE OF THE FREETHOUGHT MAGAZINE.

(Chicago Chronicle.)

Horace L. Green, the venerable editor and publisher of the Free Thought Magazine, and his aged wife were found dead in bed yesterday in a cheerless rear flat at 211 Indiana street. The room was filled with gas, flowing from an open jet, and the circumstances indicated to the police that they had been asphyxiated accidentally after having retired for the night. The theory of suicide, however, was maintained by some of their friends.

The coroner's jury returned a verdict leaving the matter in doubt. Mr. Green was 75 years old and his wife was 70. He had been a personal friend of Col. R. G. Ingersoll, and was an ardent disciple of the noted Agnostic. The infirmities of age were upon both husband and wife, and the former had been recently told by physicians that he had not long to live. In these facts, the advocates of both the accident and suicide theories find grounds for their belief.

To eke out their scanty living, the Greens had a roomer, Burt McCullough, employed in a downtown department store, and it was through him the bodies were discovered.

McCullough went home Thursday evening about 7 o'clock. When he tried to get into the flat he found the bell did not ring and the door was bolted. He went to a neighboring hotel, and in the morning tried again to enter the flat. He noticed the odor of gas, notified the police, and then went to work. When the police entered the flat they found the aged pair in the bed, attired in their night clothing. The doors and windows were locked and had to be forced. A search of the rooms by a deputy coroner failed to reveal any letters or notes that might explain the deaths.

The future of the Greens was not a cheerful one. They had lived in poverty, worked hard all their lives and spent their energy on a magazine.

The publication was not a financial success, though there was a movement on foot to establish it on a sounder basis. Some years ago they lost their only child, a son, in whom their hopes had rested in the belief that he would carry on their work.

M. M. Mangasarian, who was a frequent contributor to the magazine and a close friend of the Greens, is positive their deaths were accidental:

"They were old, both ill and weak, and must have fallen to bed from off properly," he said. "From their pleasures were few and their lives one of sacrifice, they were always cheerful."

"E. C. Reichwald, 140 S. street, who was an intimate friend of Mr. Green, was of the belief that his wife may have committed suicide."

"For several years Mr. Green had been sick and his despondency gradually increasing," said Reichwald. "I do not doubt the theory entirely. Mr. Green's life was the success of his the Free Thought Magazine, which he desired should continue after his death."

Mr. Green was an intimate of Robert G. Ingersoll, and held high office in the Free Thought movement of his magazine in Illinois, N. Y. twenty-one years ago. He came to Chicago ten years ago and conducted his paper until recently, when, realizing that he was growing old and feeble, he turned it over to me to conduct until a stock company could be organized."

Mr. Green is said to have been county treasurer in Cortland county, New York, for four years. He was a graduate of the Buffalo Business and Law College.

### KIDDER.

Mr. Kidder is trying to work that sympathy dodge. He's talking through that hole in his face. Don't let him fool you, Bro. Charley. He's the Willie that don't answer letters. Mr. Johnson is O. K.—keeps the Pope's picture hanging in his bed room. That makes it all right for "Irish Catholic girls" to visit him all they like. Don't let Kidder make you do a rash thing—never think of excommunicating Johnson—never!—(MISS) G. M. L.

would compare

With the grand panorama I witnessed down there.

But while I was watching to see some one burn,

The angel approached me and said 'twas my turn,

And I smiled as I said "If 'twill do just as well,

You may give me a ticket and book me for hell."

Then I "woke from my dream and thought for a spell

That hell was heaven and heaven was hell.

—DR. J. W. DORWART.

Friend, Nebraska.